

Everyone Carries Around His Own Monsters by Kaiju_Kueenie

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blood and Gore, Fauna in the Upside-Down, Inhuman OCS, Monsters, Original Character(s), Other

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Characters: Ankheg, Coeurl, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Thesselhydra, Will Byers, demogorgon

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Summary:

(ON HIATUS)

The Demogorgon wasn't the only thing that lived in the upside down.

Will befriends a strange creature on a mission to close the gate once and for all. New -inhuman- friends are made, and new dangers arise: the top predator of the Upside-Down, and the government with a new weapon of their own.

-Title based off a quote by Richard Pryor-

1. ~000~

~PROLOGUE: 000~

It was when the barrier was opened that it awoke.

It was a tingling feeling that rattled all the way up its spine to its skull, sending the message to its brain that it was time to awaken. The large body shifted, huge, glowing golden eyes snapping open for the first time in many, many years.

Balance had to be restored.

2. ~001~

Notes for the Chapter:

I should probably say I'm super obsessed with Stranger Things. I'm also sorry if this sucks cause I'm new at fanfic writing.

~001~

Adrenaline shot through his nerves as he shot forward again, hearing that low, guttural noise that was oh so horrifically familiar to his ears.

Decaying twigs and branches snap like bones under the pressure of his sneakers as his natural instinct to hide, hide away from everything, hide away from the monster, the Demogorgon, the bullies, the fat slugs that force themselves out of his mouth-

Then he hears a voice. It's male. Jonathan maybe?

“Will?....”

“Will?....”

“WILL!”

Brown eyes snap wide open. It takes him a moment to realize he isn't

in that cold mimic of Hawkins, and is only in his classroom.

Mr. Clarke, the one who had been calling his name, is looking at him with concern while the other students are either staring at him curiously or doing their own thing, like doodling on their papers, reading their textbooks, but all of them are paying attention in one way or another.

This isn't the first time he's fallen asleep in class since he returned.

It's hard to sleep now.

It's getting worse.

The slugs keep coming and the flashes of the Upside-Down are becoming more frequent, lasting longer.

But he doesn't tell anyone.

Will simply smiles and reassures Mr. Clarke when he stops him after class that he's fine.

When his friends question, especially Mike, he'll try to reroute the conversation to something else - Their next game of Dungeons and Dragons, going to the movies to see Back to The Future, or in Mike's case, Eleven. Will knows that his freckled friend could talk about her for hours, and honestly, it makes him feel bad for using her memory as a way to worm out of telling the truth.

He just didn't want anyone to worry.

It was when he was heading to Castle Byers that he met it.

He wasn't...used to it, per say, but he wasn't as surprised as he could have been when he was surrounded by the smell of death and the feeling of ice prickling along his skin.

What did surprise him was the large...thing...moving in front of him in the fog and ash. He can't make out any details at first.

That feeling of fear from earlier comes rushing back. It's the Demogorgon. It has to be. He's going to die for sure. He takes a few steps back, his breathing getting faster and faster to the point of hyperventilation.

Then he starts coughing.

It's not the Demogorgon.

Two large, round eyes, reminding him of the headlight on his bike, but much larger, and of course there's the fact there are two, snap towards his direction.

He can't react as it starts to charge towards him, as a slug forcefully ejects itself from his stomach and out his mouth. His vision is blurred as glowing yellow eyes, and bright violet fill his sight.

He screams and then it's all gone.

He spends five minutes in his fortress -the real one, not the destroyed mirror of it- clutching his stuffed lion, trembling and trying to calm himself down.

Then he decides it's best to go home.

He wants to be near his family...just in case.

Ebony fleshed 'hands' crush the egg beneath it, a sickly shade of yellow. Each arm like appendage ends in two...fingers, or rather claws, but they are spaced farther apart than is natural, but close enough to work as fingers should.

It's looking for a gateway. A gateway to close.

It chitters and growls, ears twitching when it smells him.

It's a familiar scent. There's another one of them here somewhere, but that isn't it's priority.

It only reacts when it smells /IT./

The predator. The enemy. It's scent is covering the other now, swallowing it whole and drowning it out.

It's enraged. It screeches, bioluminescent patches on its body flaring up with violet as it charges.

Then it's gone.

It rams headfirst into a rotting tree, toppling it over and huffs, it's head throbbing.

Balance needed to be restored.

It soon found a gate.

Notes for the Chapter:

What is this strange creature? What does it want?
Why is the scent of a human so familiar? WHY IS
THIS CURIOSITY DOOR STILL LOCKED? Find out
next time on Seinfeld!

3. ~002~

Notes for the Chapter:

Wrote this while listening to this - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=flaCQ6ynQvA>

~002~

“You okay, bud?”

Jonathan noticed a slight hesitation in his little brother, who was standing in the doorway, clutching the straps of his backpack to the point where his knuckles turned white as he viewed the outside world like it was the first time he seen it.

Wordlessly, the youngest Byers nodded, chocolate eyes still locked on the dense forest outside the sanctuary of his home.

That...thing was still in his mind. It would be foolish to think that there was only one form of life in the Upside-Down...It just wouldn't make sense. But there were still so many questions that wracked his twelve year old brain.

What was it?

Was it aggressive? It charged him, didn't it?

What did it eat?

And most importantly...could it come to Hawkins just like the Demogorgon?

Will jumped slightly, started out of his thoughts as his older brother placed a gentle hand on his shoulder, leaning down to make eye contact with the chestnut haired middle schooler.

“Hey, you don’t need to be afraid anymore. Me and mom won’t let anything happen to you again. I promise.”

His lips twitched upwards into a half smile.

“I know.”

The second meeting happened on his way to school. And this time he got a good look at it.

Whatever it was, it wasn’t being subtle about what it was doing. The loud clanging of metal from the junkyard confirmed it.

He had no idea what compelled him to press down the kickstand with his foot, slide off his bike, and creep towards the sound, ducking behind a tree as soon as it was in sight.

The thing was the size of a horse, ebony skin, a similar texture to the Demogorgon's, pulled tight over its gaunt body as a long tail swayed behind it, splitting into three flat tips, almost like thin flippers.

It was a quadruped, Will noted, moving about on four, rather thin and frail looking legs -the science nerd inside of him wondered how they were supporting the body- ending in two claw-like digits. Along its spinal column was a single row of thin, twisting spikes, like black branches out of some gothic fairy tale.

A short neck, with what looked to be three slits in a glowing, pulsating patch of violet flesh on , somewhat like gills, on each side led up to a very round head, almost like a perfect orb with only the smallest hint of a protruding snout.

Those eyes...Those huge, unblinking golden eyes, glowing like lights. Will's breath hitched in fear at the sight of them.

It had ears. Long, pointed ears with jagged edges. Looking at them drew the boy's brown eyes to five tendrils that came from the back of the top of the creature's head and pressed up against its skull, tips stopping at the front of its neck. He never would have noticed them if it weren't for the fact that they were clearly segmented from the thing's actual head, and the fact that about halfway down, they became a more...translucent color, and a different texture.

In fact, it looked like they became the kind of stuff jellyfish were made of. The tips of it's tail, and....he just noticed it, the clear, round shapes along it's body, twisting and twirling into spiral patterns...they were made of that same color.

Okay, now that was done. He saw it. Now he could go warn everyone else.....But...What was it doing?

It tossed a piece of rusty metal to the side with a dismissive snort.

Useless.

None of these were helpful. It needed something that could actually work as a conductor for-

That smell. It was back.

The 'jellyfish' skin lit up with a bright shade of violet as it turned to the smell and instantly charged towards it.

This time it caught it.

A scream died in the young Byer's mouth as the thing pinned him down, strong enough to keep him there, but oddly light enough not to do anything like break his bones.

Two slitted nostrils flared as the creature growled.

It didn't have a mouth. Dear God it didn't have a mouth.

Then its face split open horizontally where the mouth should have been...but not the entire way. There were thick strands of flesh connecting the two jaws, making just look like it had a bunch of large gaps in its face.

The inside of the monster's mouth was glowing as well.

Saliva dripped from its jaws as it hissed at him.

He was going to die here. He was sure.

It couldn't smell the enemy anymore.

This thing...This small thing, was no danger to it and its mission.

With a huff, it released the trembling....Small One -It would call it a Small One- and turned its back to it, flicking its head tendrils carelessly.

It let him go.

Will let out a nervous laugh of relief as he sat up, wiping his slimy face off with his sleeve, murmuring out a quiet “Gross....”

Instantly after, his eyes locked onto the creature, whose glowing patches began to dull.

...It...didn't kill him.

Don't get me wrong, he was terrified. Hell, he almost shit himself!

But...there was still childish amazement and curiosity as he watched the thing, the creature that seemed to have some intelligence as it dug through the trash and scrap for something.

His pupils expanded. “What are you...” He breathed.

Once again, it turned towards him.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm sorry if this chapter sucks ;u;

4. ~003~

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry if this is kinda short - work ayyyy.

~003~

The Wolf and the Lion are both carnivores - the top predators in the food chain.

The Wolf is smaller and more agile.

However, the Lion is larger, stronger.

If the Wolf were to fight the Lion, the Lion would win without a doubt.

Once upon a time, a lone Wolf strayed away from its pack, finding a new world filled with delicious deer to hunt. After making a connection, the Wolf made many gates in order to travel back and forth from its den and this place of food.

Then the Wolf was killed.

And the Lion...

the Lion, drawn to the smell of blood and death, found these abandoned gates and decided it would enjoy this feast as well.

New life happened today in the world of darkness.

One by one, they emerged from their egg sacks, breathing the ashy air for the first time.

They were insects, black caterpillar like beasts, the size of a small dog. Each segmented part of their bodies were decorated with a lone green spot, as green as their large, emerald eyes. Small, mandible-less jaws opened to reveal needle like teeth as stubby appendages shoved grey weeds into their mouths.

These newborns were not carnivores.

But something else was.

Watching from the twisting, dead trees, the hunter stalked its prey. It was silent, perfectly camouflaged, as one of its long appendages shot down and impaled one of the small creatures beneath it, quickly retracting it back up.

The small thing squirmed and squeaked, thick yellow fluid pouring from the gaping hole in its chest and splattering on the ground. This

was enough to warn the rest of the newborns.

Warbling with fear, they scattered. But the mighty predator gave chase through the trees, picking them off one by one until only one was left.

Realizing its siblings were gone, it chittered, muscles locking up in fear.

A heavy thud sounded behind it, a massive shadow creeping over the small insect's form.

A low, inhuman rattle, like the cross between a hissing cockroach and the noise created by the tail of a rattlesnake, poured forth from its jaws.

The instinct of fight or flight took over the young beast's brain as its motor functions returned and it took off, searching for a place to hide.

It found an abandoned gateway, the one that was made during the first connection. The first bridge.

It crossed through.

The Lion followed.

Will swallowed nervously, regretting his decision to speak as the creature calmly strided over to him once again.

A lone tendril extended towards his head, slowly, cautiously...even with a hint of curiosity.

Perhaps this thing was just as curious about him as he was towards it.

The tip split open into three, like a blooming flower, and a series of smaller, wispy white strands, tipped with glowing orbs as yellow as the creature's eyes -It made him think of the insides of some flower species- emerged from within. Then they-

“Ow!”

The twelve year old winced and slammed a hand over his now irritated left ear.

The thing just shoved one of those little strands up his ear! And it felt like a shot!...But, like, worse!

The creature warbled, flashing its patches as if it was pleased with itself.

“I swear, if whatever you did makes me cough up something worse than a slug-”

He was cut off when the monster snarled, pushing him away -rather roughly- from it with its tail as it turned around and simply began to walk away.

For a few moments, he simply stared at the retreating back of the strange animal that just decided to leave him like that. Then something important popped into his mind.

“Crap! I’m going to be late!”

What it did to him was similar to tagging an animal to track it.

This was the second time it had seen this Small One, so it was not only curious, but it believed that this wouldn’t be that last time they would meet.

How could it somehow get into its world?

Most likely the still open gateways....None-the-less, the tiny creature could perhaps be of some service to it....

It watched out of the corner of its golden eyes as the Small One scrambled through the woods and mount a strange object - perhaps parts of it could be helpful in building a perfect conductor - and take off from its sight.

What a strange creature.

Black heels clicked on the cold tiles of the floor before coming to a stop.

“This is where both of them came from?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“And you're sure the first subject is dead?”

A nod.

“What of Brenner?”

“He's alive, barely. In critical condition missing an arm and both legs.”

“.....I see.”

“

“Send out search parties. I want them alive. But try to keep it quiet this time. We don’t want it ending up like before...”

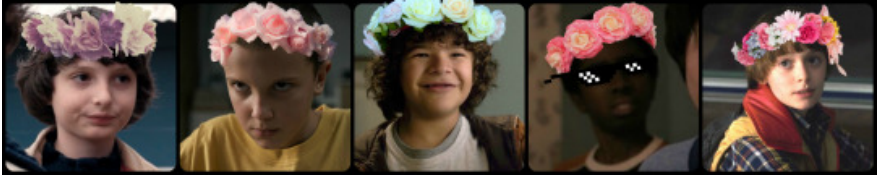
Notes for the Chapter:

Stuff's getting intense....

5. A/N

-- Just a little heads up guys. I'm gonna be working a lot this week, and school is starting again so updates will be a bit slow. Don't think I'm abandoning this story! XD Anyway, have a lovely day/night!--

--Also, until the next update, have this flower crown thing I made!--



6. ~004~

Notes for the Chapter:

I feel like this is pretty short but hey it's an update!

~004~

“Holy shit, dude! What’s wrong with your ear?”

The loud outburst earned Dustin a swat on the shoulder and a glare from Lucas, that was returned with one of his own before his baby blue eyes returned to Will, who had since then slapped a hand over his swollen, red ear. He was honestly surprised at how bad it had become, grossly pulsing with pain at the contact.

He was quick to come up with a lie. “O-Oh...A wasp stung me on my way to school.”

Dustin let out a whistle, taking a big, goopy spoonful of chocolate pudding - he since had been on lunch lady Phyllis’ case about the treat hoarding every lunch since that one night - and then added “Must’ve been a huge one to do something like that.”

Will silently nodded, picking at the food on his tray as the conversation somehow turned into a childish argument between Dustin and Lucas about the difference between wasps and hornets. He wasn’t off the hook, as Mike was staring at him with brown orbs filled with concern and a slight suspicion. “Are you sure you’re

okay?” The smallest member of the AV club smiled.

“I’m fine.”

But out of the corner of his eye, he could have sworn he saw something pass the lunch room window.

It was honestly surprising how different everything had become since the last time it had been here.

It eyed each building, each vehicle, almost anything with caution and curiosity.

Its swaying tail bumped against a large sign as it took a moment to survey the alien surroundings.

“HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL”

First it approached a parked bus, empty for the day. It lifted itself up on its hind legs, pressing its two digit ‘hands’ against the yellow metal as golden eyes peered through one of the windows, that soon fogged up when it exhaled a puff of hot breath from its nostrils.

What a curious object....However, it was not useful to its mission.

Lowering back to all fours, the strange creature began to circle around the main building.

Ah! That looked like that would do nicely!

Charles Gordon had lived in Hawkins for a very long time. In all his 30 years of hunting in the woods, he had seen a lot of weird things, like two headed frogs- stuff like that.

But this was by far the weirdest, and honestly most frightening thing he had seen in his entire life.

His breath hitched when he first saw it, a massive, serpentine body covered in scales - the strangest damn scales he had ever seen in his life - that was wrapped around, and currently climbing a tree with a trunk almost as thick as the girth of its snake like body. He couldn't see its head, due to it being shrouded in the thick branches and leaves of the tree...but he could examine the detail of rest of it.

The scales, a mix between a light ash grey and bone white, were shaped like elongated droplets that were not fully connected to the body, rattled against each other, reminding him vaguely of the sound of the antlers of two bucks clashing against each other. The end of the tail was covered in, what looked like feathers, but seemed more leathery in texture, like a translucent membrane with red veins visible.

The oddest thing about it, was the higher it got, its scales began to change color, matching with the tree it was climbing.

Holy shit. This thing was camouflaging itself like a goddamn chameleon. He had to tell someone- the police, anyone!

Gripping his rifle tightly, Gorgon took a few steps back, not taking his brown eyes off the creature...until he stepped on a branch, causing a loud *CRACK* to echo through the dense woods.

The creature's muscles tightened and it became still.

Gordon could only watch in horror as it unfurled itself from the tree and slithered towards him. He lifted his weapon, aiming it at beast, but was frozen under its gaze. Orange eyes, glowing like fire, stared him down with raw, primal fury....and hunger.

The rattling noise that it made, mixed with the clacking of its bone like scales made him sure of what this was.

This was the Devil himself.

And that was the last thought he had before a pair of massive jaws clamped down around his form and pushed him down its gullet.

A few moments later, he was nothing more than a piece of meat being digested in stomach acid.

“WHAT THE HELL!” Troy shrieked once he saw his bike- or rather what was left of it.

All that remained was two bent wheels and the handle bars.

Dustin couldn't help but snicker to himself at seeing the misfortune that had happened to the bully. Mike, smiling slightly, gave him a slight nudge with his shoulder as they headed over to their own bikes. “Who do you think did that?” Lucas, getting on his own bike, took a moment to actually analyze the damage. “Looks like a bear or something did that...”

Will had a vague idea of who- or rather what, did such a thing.

This was confirmed when he was biking home, and that thing just....came out of the woods and began slowly trotting behind his bike, carrying the remains of Troy's bike in the tendrils behind its head.

He didn't notice it at first - the creature was quite sneaky - until his bike's headlight began to flicker. That brought back bad memories, so the young Byers quickly glanced up ahead in an act of paranoia, then back over his shoulder.

He let out a yelp of surprise when he actually saw it, losing his footing on his pedals and falling off his transportation onto the dirt road. It took a moment for Will to push himself up to a sitting position, letting out a hiss of pain as he did so. He was pretty sure he had scraped both knees.

Then his eyes snapped upwards, locking onto large, golden orbs that were staring down at him curiously.

“W-What do you want!?” He managed to snap out at the being that had come to a stop right in front of him..

The creature cocked its head, like a confused puppy dog, and flicked one of its ears with a small chitter.

Will let out an irritated sigh, standing up and brushing off his jeans before he taking a hold of his bike. He might as well walk it from here.

His hazel eyes glared at the creature slightly, then turned forward as he began to start home again.

....Crunch, crunch, crunch. He could hear its feet slapping against the dirt road as it /continued/ to followed him. “Just leave me alone!” Another chitter.

“Go away!”

“Gwwrroaaaaawwwr!”

“Shoo! Shoo!”

“Raaraaa-aaaaaaa-raaaaaa-raaa!”

Had he gone insane? Was he actually having some kind of conversation with this thing?

“Look-” Will pushed down the kickstand on his bike and turned around fully to face the monster, which had of course stopped when he stopped. “I go this way-” He pointed forward, towards his home. “You go that way!” Now he pointed ahead, past the creature. “I don’t want you following me! You did this after all!” He gestured to his swollen ear. “And you’re destroying and stealing people’s stuff!”

It stared at him silently. Once again, Will pointed forwards. “Go!”

Instead, it took a few steps towards him, then another, and another. Will took a step back at first, confused and a bit frightened. Oh god, it was gonna try to eat him, wasn’t it?

It sniffed his outstretched, now trembling, hand....and then lightly pressed its head against it, forcing it open so the boy’s hand was flat against its skin.

Will let out a choked noise. This thing was...really warm....Not cold like the Demogorgon's skin when it had taken him to its lair. His ear began to throb again, but this time it wasn't painful....he couldn't explain it, but it felt like this thing was trying to send an apology to him or something...I guess he couldn't stay mad at it.

Plus, this was pretty cool.

The twelve year old gently pat its snout, earning a purr from the creature. Giggling, Will pulled back his hand. "You're like a giant dog...cat...thing." Then, an idea hit him. "You kinda look like a Displacer Beast." It blinked blankly. "From Dungeons and Dragons-" Of course it wouldn't know what that was. Will mentally slapped himself. "They were based off these things from a book, call Coeurls.....So...I think that's a fitting name for you, so I don't just keep calling you *it* ." He was willing to bet his childish tongue butchered the pronunciation of that word.

Did this small, fleshy creature just....bestow a name on it? It which had been nameless for centuries?

It watched as the Small One began pushing the strange device -which would be great for a conductor- and turned toward him. "Come on, Coeurl. I'll see if I can find you a place to stay."

It- *Coeurl* huffed, and began to follow again, this time staying at the boy's side.

"I gotta make sure my mom doesn't find you. I'd be so dead."

This was its Small One- Its only link to understanding this new world.

It would protect it at all costs.

Notes for the Chapter:

We finally have a name for this lovely beast! And one of the villains has been revealed...kinda.